marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweet Lord,

Pan. Go too ſweet Queene, go to?
Comends himſelfe moſt affectionatly to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob vs out of our melody,
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, ſweet Queene, thats a ſweet Queene I faith——

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la? Nay I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord hee deſires you that if the King call for him at ſuper. You will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queenem, y very very ſweet Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſuppes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan What ſaies my ſweet Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my diſpoſer *Creſſeida*.

Pan. No, no? no ſuch matter you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well ile makes excuſe?

Pan. I good my Lord, why ſhould you ſay *Creſſeida*, no, your diſpoſers ſick. *Par.* I ſpie?

Pan. You ſpy? what doe you ſpie? come, giue mee an inſtrument, now ſweete Queene:

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue ſweete Queene.

Hel. Shee ſhall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no? ſheele none of him, they two are tawine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pand.

Pand. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile ſing yo
ſong now.

Hell: I, I, prethee, now by my troth ſweet lad thou haſt
fine fore-head.

Pand: I you may, you may.

Hell: Let thy ſong be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all.
Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pand: Loue? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par: I good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

Pand: *Loue, loue, nothing but loue, ſtill loue ſtill more:*
For o loues bow. Shoots Bucke and Doe.
The ſhafts confound not that it wounds
But ticles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe louers cry, oh ho they dye,
Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he,
So dying loue lines ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha---hey ho,

Hell: In loue I faith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds
blood, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoug
beget hot deedes, and hot deeds is loue.

Pand. Is this the generation of loue: hot bloud
thoughts and hot deedes, why they are vipers, is loue a
neration of vipers:
Sweete Lord whoſe a field to day?

Par: *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor*, and all the
lantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my
would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hell: He hangs the lippe at ſomething, you know al
Pandarus.

Pand: Not I hony ſweete Queene, I long to heare
they ſped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuſe?

Par: To a hayre.

Pand: Farewell ſweete Queene.